AEMSC 2020 review:

At Austi surf club the AEMSC crew gathers in November,

To reminisce about the year just past and what we remember.

This year was different; Joy Lynch our female president presided,

She put forward some matters that needed to be decided.

A question of life membership for Geoff Greenhalgh and Ian Foreman,

The members present endorsed the motion, carried by acclamation.

The sea sharp singers were ushered in, their singing really cool,

Changing words of there’s a hole in the bucket, to a hole in the pool.

Members found it hard to stop laughing, some even shed tears,

Particularly when it had taken the to fix it, five bloody years.

Welcome back to Bronny Cole, wife of the man who started this club,

It was George, who created, cajoled, inspired and was our hub.

It was very early in the year the first disaster exploded on the scene,

Bush fires engulfed many areas of the state, the worst there has been.

Without any significant rain since, October all was tinder dry,

It wasn’t long before all was red and thick smoke filled the sky.

Paul and Allison did a BBQ to raise funds for bush fire relief,

They were well supported by members who recognised the grief.

The fires raged throughout January, but were finally quelled,

In February when record rains came forth, firemen were spelled.

We lost the towns of Cobargo and Mogo while others were in fear,

Tathra, Mittagong, Buxton and Bargo, not far from here.

Perhaps it was this heat which kept on and made us feel alive,

Our highest pool temperature was recorded at a sultry 23.5.

We knew for some time, our aged dressing sheds were to be fixed,

What had been proposed by council, our thoughts were mixed.

A meeting was set by council, to discuss the final design,

On March second, they were on site with drawings so benign.

Agreement was reached that the caricature would remain,

But cut a hole in the wall, for invalids, their access to gain.

Other ideas suggested by our members were put to the fore,

Council held firm saying entry was to be through a new front door.

Adjustments were to be made internally, a new look all round,

We were assured all their decisions were very sound.

This necessitated removal of showers, seats and hanging rail,

I believe this gave a premonition; refurbishment was set to fail.

Well that was sorted out with work to start in May,

Council was adamant all would be done their way.

After these disasters we thought, could things get worse?

There was a whisper of a virus in China, no that would be a curse,

Originally called the Chinese virus it got a new name, some weren’t keen,

Covid 19 became; China’s own virus introduced December 2019.

Medical experts may have had some idea of what lay ahead,

But it was stunning the number of people it left dead.

Early warning which were given, all sounded rather vague,

Before we knew it, it was far worse and now called a plague.

It was said to be more contagious than the Spanish flue,

Can it be that bad, what lay ahead of us, if only we knew.

Well people were told to isolate and to stay at home,

This denied us the opportunity, of the streets or beach to roam.

By the end of March it was lockdown; business’ obliged to shut,

When the football and sport were cancelled it really hit my gut.

People were allowed out to exercise for one hour a day,

Churches were limited to the number who could attend and pray.

Coffee shops could not seat people, but they had a way,

People stood outside, ordered their coffee then took away.

By May 2nd, restrictions began to ease, with more the following week,

Overseas and interstate travel banned, denying the holidays we seek.

By this time there was activity here, dressing shed work underway,

Temporary toilets and showers were operational on the 21st May.

The old building had been enclosed with its very own fence,

All works were said to be finished within four to five months hence.

**Another Roscoe original 24/11/2020**

It was interesting to note, garbage bins along the promenade,

Were removed enabling container delivery placed in the new yard.

The men’s shower in their toilet block had a hot water tank,

But it wouldn’t deliver hot water, so there was no to thank.

Chairs were placed in front of the closed clubhouse door,

These were used for our clothes, rather than drop them on the floor.

With cold showers taken outside in the winter gale,

The softer members began to moan and then to wale.

Not so John McCormack, innovative to the core,

Carrying a bucket of hot water, showering as he has done before.

Some adjustment had to be made, the bucket emptied to fast,

In those chill winds John wanted the hot water to last.

He made the outlet smaller for a restricted flow,

And added 30 seconds to empty, giving him a red glow.

Others got the drift, 2 litre bottles they did bring,

Pouring over themselves, while they did sing.

When the bottle had emptied you heard a muted sound,

With the bottle being thrown to the ground.

Coveralls were used, as if they were a tent,

Allowing males to change, each man a true gent.

It was early in September, a sight caused many stares,

For six unknown men were sitting on our chairs.

When asked if they were ready for a swim,

Their smiles changed, all looked rather grim.

Turns out, from sublime Point down, they did climb.

Yeh, we couldn’t see to back up, one of them did chime.

They waited till daylight, which was rather drab,

Instead of walking back up, they hailed themselves a cab.

We are now nearing Christmas and years end is nigh,

We look back at what has been and give a heavy sigh.

With the dreaded covid virus and the havoc it did reap,

Spoiling many memories we wanted to keep.

The dressing has missed the finish line,

So long as it’s done before Christmas, that will be fine.

You’re all wished a merry Christmas and happy new year,

Hopefully someone will find a vaccine to make covid disappear.